

THE UNDERGRADUATE.

VOL. XIX.

MIDDLEBURY, VT., JULY, 1894.

No. 9.

The Undergraduate.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY DURING COLLEGE YEAR.

FRANK N. DAVIS, '96, EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.

GEO. C. DOUGLASS, '95, Assistant Editor-in-Chief.

Associate Editors.

JOHN BARLOW, '95, }
MARY O. POLLARD, '96, } Literary.

LEROY C. RUSSELL, '96, Alumni.

W. BRYANT WILCOX, '96, }
ELMER H. CUTTS, '96, } Town and Campus.

GUY C. LAMSON, '96, Business Manager.

Assistants,

ELMER G. BRIDGHAM, '97, LUTHER A. BROWN, '97.

One College Year, - - - - \$1.00
Single Copies, - - - - 12

Address all communications to EDITOR UNDERGRADUATE
Middlebury, Vermont. No anonymous communications will be
noticed.

Address all business communications regarding subscriptions
or advertisements to the Business Manager.

The UNDERGRADUATE is constantly on sale at Marshall's Book
store or may be obtained of the business manager.

THE NINETY FOURTH COMMENCEMENT.

Sunday, June 24, at 10:45 A. M., the Congregation-
al church was crowded with people who were present
to listen to the Baccalaureate discourse by President
Brainerd. The services were opened by an organ
voluntary by Mrs. G. D. Miner, followed by singing
by the choir. Solos were rendered in an excellent
manner by Prof. Hawn and Dr. Sheldon. President
Brainerd's sermon and address to the senior class
were as follows:

Luke xxiv: 21—But we hoped that it was he which should re-
deem Israel.

There is a peculiar pathos in the scene from which
these words are taken: the disciples lament the loss
of their Master in his very presence, not knowing his
triumph over death. In common with most of their
countrymen they had thought of the Christ as an
earthly sovereign, who would rule with power like Da-

vid—one who would lead their armies in victorious
battle, crush the hated Roman oppressor, and estab-
lish on earth a perfect government. In Jesus of Naz-
areth these fond disciples believed they had found
this promised Deliverer. Had they not listened to
his words of superhuman wisdom? Had they not
seen his divine power over various form of disease and
distress? Had they not heard the heavenly voice say-
ing this is my beloved son? Surely they had had
good reason to hope that this was he who was to re-
deem Israel. But now in one sad night these hopes
are shattered. He whom they had thought to be the
Son of God is seized by cruel men and condemned to
death. They had seen him crucified; they had laid
his dead body in the tomb; and with him were buried
all their hopes.

We from our point of view can see how needless
was their despair. The bright visions of a blessed
Saviour which had come to them in past days were
not deceitful dreams, but glimpses of a supernal
reality whose glories were even beyond their compre-
hension. The confident faith in the coming of God's
kingdom among men, which had stirred in the hearts
of devout men, was not a fond illusion, but an in-
spired prophecy of "that divine event toward which
the whole creation moves." Not in vain had the an-
gels sung "Peace on earth, good will to men." Not
in vain had the Master taught them to pray "Thy
kingdom come." But the simple-minded disciples
were unable to understand the spiritual nature of this
kingdom. The great truths of man's redemption had
appeared before their feeble vision clothed in child-
ish fancies. They were "slow of heart" to perceive
that the son of man was to become perfect through
suffering, that the kingdom of God was within, that
the reign of the Messiah was to be established, not by
fire and sword, but by the infusion of the light of truth
and the sweetness of brotherly love into the minds
and hearts of men. And so, as their foolish fancies
proved to be illusions, they grieve and despair, even
in the very presence of their triumphant Lord.

I have chosen this text because it seems to me to
illustrate, or at least to symbolize, a frequent experi-
ence in the religious lives of thoughtful men today.
Have there not been times in the lives of many of us,
when the cherished beliefs of earlier days have been
rudely shaken as by a mighty tempest? In the great
sorrows or disappointments of life, it may be, or in the
fiery heat of intellectual debate, former hopes often
seem futile, former beliefs often seem inadequate or
baseless. It may prove helpful to us to inquire into
the nature of these experiences. We may find that
after all in the earnest soul doubt is not always "devil-

born," but a phase of the normal process of spiritual growth. We may be enabled to understand how, even in our doubt and despair, as with the disciples of old, the Master, though unrecognized, is still at our side, imparting to us higher and clearer views of truth than we have ever yet had, even till our hearts burn within us.

In our study of this subject I observe in the first place, that from the necessary limitations of the human mind all truths are at first dimly and imperfectly apprehended. Our mental vision is at first feeble. We behold realities, but we behold them as trees walking. Our earliest conceptions of the great truths of life are necessarily obscure and distorted. We see this plainly in the mental history of the child. His thoughts of God, in spite of the most careful instruction, are crude and even grotesque. He may early become acquainted with the fact of death, but how little he comprehends its meaning! He repeats fluently the answers of the catechism, but how far he is from grasping the thoughts that the words were intended to express! So, too, as we study the mental history of the race, we see plainly how men have beheld first the shadows of spiritual truths and not the pure truths themselves. The deep mysteries of life are pictured in parable or allegory. The Supreme Being is conceived of altogether in the likeness of man. The facts of creation, the actions of God in his providence, the nature of heaven and hell are thought of only through the forms of sensuous imagery. Everywhere in the intellectual life of the past we find that man's opinions and beliefs are not the absolute verities of God's universe; but such *ideas* of them—more or less inadequate—as his mental capacity has enabled him to entertain.

But we must bear in mind that these crude opinions are not necessarily false. On the contrary they are for the most part essentially true. But they are truths seen through a glass darkly—half truths—truths that are colored by the individual experience. They are like a photograph of one whom we have never seen. It reveals to us something of his personality; we know that the sunlight has faithfully traced the lineaments of the face. But after all how much is lacking; how different from the living person is the silent and motionless picture; how much is left unexpressed of the inmost character! The child who is taught to kneel and say "Our Father, who art in Heaven," apprehends God truly. But how much is left unapprehended; how meagre in his conception when compared with the visions of St. John or St. Augustine. The ultimate realities both of nature and of spirit are ever shrouded in more or less of mystery. Our knowledge even of material things is after all only a sort of surface knowledge. We have learned, for instance, a great many facts regarding the behavior of electricity and have been able to subject it in various ways to our service; but we are still very far from understanding the real nature of the subtle force that seems to dart through the wire with such power and

such inconceivable velocity. The sun is the most conspicuous object in the heavens. We daily experience his light and heat; we see that he is the chief source of life to our poor earth, the mover of the winds and tides, the father of the rivers and forests, of verdure and flower and fruit. But who can understand aright his nature—his vastness, a million times as large as earth—or the heat thereof, a thousandfold intenser than the hottest furnace, or the fury of the whirlwinds that are ever raging across his surface. After years of study, the imagination of the wisest astronomer sinks exhausted in the effort.

In like manner when we contemplate the unseen things of the spirit of man we encounter more or less difficulty and uncertainty. Not that they are unknown or unknowable, as some maintain; but we feel the limitations of our powers of thought. We do apprehend the deep truths of God, but we apprehend them largely through types and figures. For all creeds and schools are only shadows of the Truth. They are but the conceptions of the human mind as it vaguely feels the presence of unseen realities; and as such they often prove inadequate and transitory.

"Our little systems have their day
They have their day and cease to be.
They are but broken lights of Thee,
And Thou, O God, art more than they."

See, now, the bearing of all this upon our subject. It follows that a growth of opinion must take place with the growth of mind; that new views of nature and of life must come to us with maturer years. Many of the fond beliefs of earlier days we are forced to set aside as childish illusions. They were inevitable, they served a purpose; but the time comes at length for a deeper insight and a clearer vision of the truth.

This reconstruction of our views of life may take place gradually and calmly with our expanding reason; but the change often comes with more or less of suddenness and violence. There is often a crisis in the intellectual or religious life of the individual. A tidal wave of scepticism passes over the mind, and its former beliefs seem to be swept away. The soul loses faith in the authority of others; it doubts its own ability to discover truth. It is like a vessel out at sea, beyond the sight of land, without compass, in the midst of fog and darkness.

There are three possible ways in which a man may emerge from this night of scepticism. If a vain and shallow thinker he may rest content with the negative results at which he has arrived. He may feel a certain intellectual pride in having detected the illusions that had hitherto held sway over his mind. Straightway he breaks in pieces his former idols and burns their temples. He discards the teachings of early life as fables and tales of the nursery, and exults in his freedom from superstition. The history of modern thought has witnessed more than one epidemic of this sort. In its reaction against a worn-out theology, an age has at times given up all faith, and attempted to live only for the sensuous life of the present.

But the issue of scepticism is often in the direction of chronic despondency. The fair creations of a former faith are overthrown. The consolations of earlier life are gone. There is no longer any spiritual vigor to be had from prayer. There is no longer a sustaining belief in a kind and watchful providence. The life after death appears dim and uncertain. Even the present life seems vain and wearisome, a chase after phantoms, a series of unreal dreams alternating with waking hours of disappointment and pain.

But, thanks, be to God, there may be a happy deliverance from the nightmare of scepticism through the re-establishment of faith. Not that the old beliefs are restored in just the form they had before. The time-honored structures of former days have been burned to ruins; but the foundation stones remain unshaken, and upon them faith may erect a fairer temple, fashioned more closely after the divine pattern.

We have seen how this re-adjustment of belief was effected in the case of the early disciples. Their fond expectation of the reign of Christ on earth as a literal king, they were compelled slowly and reluctantly to abandon. It was hard to give up the hope of sitting on his right hand and on his left in earthly pomp. It was hard to realize that the temple at Jerusalem was not to be restored to its former grandeur, but to be polluted by Roman soldiery and overthrown, till not one stone should be left upon another. But in the end how much better was the new faith in a spiritual kingdom, in the blessedness that comes from purity and righteousness of character, in the grandeur of simple worship ascending from sincere and honest hearts everywhere, the round world over.

So I think, my friends, we shall find it in all the wide circle of human beliefs. The cherished faiths that have profoundly stirred the hearts of men have had within them the kernel of truth. It is this that has given them their power. They have arisen in human consciousness, just because men's lives had come into contact with divine realities however vaguely comprehended. Even the fables of the past are not without significance. It was a favorite doctrine of Pythagoras (that ancient lover of music and the first of men to perceive the beautiful order of nature), that the stars in their motions produced a celestial music. Has modern science disproved it? Yes, to the prosaic mind it is only a fancy. But the great astronomer, Kepler, when he discovered the wonderful laws of planetary motion exclaimed: The music is all there, a diviner harmony than Pythagoras ever dreamed of.

Truth has come to men in the past somewhat as the goddess Athene appeared to Odysseus in the story of Homer, not in her proper form but disguised as a rude shepherd or as an aged warrior. And the trouble is that men confuse together in thought the unseemly disguise and the divine apparition and attach equal importance to both. In their affections both are so inextricably blended, that when the imperfect form is demolished all seems lost. Do you recall Tennyson's

story of the Lord of Burleigh—how disguised as a poor artist he won the love of a simple maiden and how, when after marriage he made known to her his wealth and splendor, her heart failed and she drooped with disappointment, ever murmuring:

"Oh, that he
Were once more that landscape painter,
That did win my heart from me."

So the earnest religious soul clings to those ideas and forms of belief in which the sacred experiences of the past are enshrined. It defends them zealously against adverse criticism; or if compelled to admit their falsity or insufficiency, it concludes hastily that all is false and is overwhelmed in doubt and despair.

Let us look at two or three concrete illustrations of the principle under discussion, and I purposely select the first from a past controversy the issue of which is now satisfactorily settled. A century ago it was the universal belief of christendom that God had created the world in six days. The sublime account in the first chapter of Genesis was taken to be literally true. But then came the evidence from the long and careful study of the rocks that for countless ages before the advent of man the forces of nature had been at work building up continents and forming mountains and seas. Various forms of animal life were proved to have succeeded each other after long periods, ever more and more highly organized, until life culminated in man. The antagonism to these views on the part of theologians is well known. They were thought to be subversive of our faith in a divine revelation. The infidel world was exultant; the earnest Christian was in doubt and dismay. But how clearly do we now see the folly of our alarm. We look beyond the pictorial representation by which the great fact of creation was grasped by the simple men of old, and read the fuller and grander revelation that God had long before written in his works; and again we believe more devoutly than ever before, that "In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth."

Nor is this the only instance in which the Christian church has been taught the need of doctrinal re-adjustment. There is hardly an article of the creed that has not required more or less reconstruction in its external form to adapt it to the exacter knowledge and profounder insight of man's growing intelligence. But though forms and creeds and systems change and pass away, the truth of God abides with ever increasing glory and power. The body changes from time to time, for that is earthy and transitory; but the soul of truth is divine and preserves its identity through the ages.

Out of many possible illustrations let me select one that is forcing itself upon our attention at the present time with special urgency. Great anxiety is felt in many minds over the criticisms on the Bible, that are approved by certain good and learned men. It seems to overthrow the infallibility of the Word of God, and to reduce the sacred writings to the rank of human productions, liable to historical errors, and subject to

the corruptions of time like other ancient documents. Such views cannot be other than shocking to the devout believer in verbal inspiration. If established by the learned world, they would seem to destroy the authority of the Bible, and thus take away from men their great source of comfort and guidance.

But does this necessarily follow? Are we not, like Uzzah of old, too timorous for the safety of the Ark of God? Are not the sublime truths of the Bible their own sufficient evidence? Does not the Sermon on the Mount bear witness in every line to the wisdom of one who spake as never man spake? Is not the book of Job as instructive whether we consider it literal history or a dramatic invention? If we have entertained crude notions regarding the nature of inspiration, we ought to be glad to conform our opinions to the actual facts of the case. The Bible will appeal to our hearts and consciences with the more power the more clearly we perceive it to be the genuine utterance of man's profoundest religious experience. We may be confident that the re-adjustment of our theory of inspiration, when it shall have been effected, will lead us to honor and reverence the Bible more than we ever have before, as the Word of God to man.

And now I have but one more illustration of the way in which our faith may suffer eclipse with our deeper experiences of life. The most precious article in any human creed is the expression of belief in the Fatherhood of God. In the turmoil of life comfort and courage never fail us, as long as we have the assurance that God knows all our wants and loves us with a personal love and cares for us in every event.

But sooner or later the day of trial comes to shake our simple faith. The stern facts of experience seem to give the lie to this dream of optimism. If God is good, it is not in the way we had commonly conceived of goodness. Sorrow, disappointment, pain ever hover around us with their black wings and poisonous darts. We pray for special blessings, but we fail of the expected answer. Instead of a special providence that guards our steps and rescues us from harm, we find only the stern face of inexorable law. If we sin, we suffer the natural penalty. We seem to fail often in our best endeavors. Human society is full of selfishness and misery and tragedy. And can we with these experiences confronting us still believe in the goodness of God and in his fatherly care for men? I know that the faith of very many fails in this endeavor and that the gloomy shadow of discouragement rests upon them in all the pathway of life. But I know also that for the earnest soul there is a better way—an issue out of the shadow into the sunshine of a serener faith. We come back to a more exalted conception of the goodness of God—a goodness not content to confer upon us comfort and happiness, but seeking the development of our highest manhood through suffering and trial. We come to see that our prayers are answered when we pray for that which is noblest and best. We are lead, it may be, as the years bring more thoughtful moods, to realize how far better than

special providence is the reign of universal law and order in God's government of the world, and to understand how the discord of our present human lot may yet be lost in the grand harmony of the future. And so with the maturity of wisdom we return to the perfect trust of childhood, and drawing near to the heart of the Eternal Father we feel again that all is well.

He who goes forward in life with integrity of purpose and manly courage can never meet with failure. He doubts only to believe again with a purer faith. He dies to old experiences, but only to live again in a realm of higher thought and purpose. He may mourn for a while over disappointed hopes; but straightway he builds brighter hopes on firmer foundations. He regrets the overthrow of past illusions, but they pass away only to give place to the enduring truth. Mary Magdalene mourned for the loss of the dead body of her Lord: but lo! even as she grieved, within the very touch of her hand, stood that beloved form, no longer dead, but alive forevermore.

Dear Pupils of the Senior Class:—After a year of almost daily intellectual companionship the time has come for my last words to you as a class. I recall with unalloyed pleasure the many hours that we have spent together in the old Senior recitation room, studying the perplexing questions of psychology and peering a little way into the deep mysteries by which human life is surrounded. I appreciate the warm interest that you have manifested in my instruction; though I sincerely wish I might have taught you better and helped you to a deeper insight into the serious problems that have come before us. But I am sure you have learned some lessons aright—the inherent dignity of the human soul, the inestimable value of righteousness, the need of candor and modesty in all our thinking.

I want you to keep these lessons in mind through all the years of life before you. Ever be true to that which is highest and best in your nature. Have indomitable courage; for life is always a glorious success to him who properly adjusts himself to his spiritual environments. If difficulties confront you (as they certainly will) attack them bravely; you will either have the joy of triumph, or, learning the lesson of defeat, acquire fresh strength with which to renew the battle. If cherished hopes are overthrown, rise above your disappointments through the invincible power of will. The endless future is ever before you; God's universe is wide; great possibilities of good are still open to you. Or if intellectual doubt comes and with its cold hand of palsy touches the beliefs by which we live and they appear as idle fancies, even then keep up the brave fight. There is fresh air somewhere for the stifled spirit. In conduct be true to your deepest conviction of duty, think out candidly and carefully the dark problems of life, and in God's own time you will attain to the repose of a better faith.

ANNIVERSARY OF THE COLLEGE Y. M. C. A.

This was held Sunday evening at 8 o'clock in the Congregational church. The church was very well filled. Mr. H. A. Vicker, president of the association, presided. Rev. H. Olin Cady read the 4th chapter of 2d Corinthians, after which solos were rendered by Dr. Sheldon and Prof. Hawn. Mr. Vicker then introduced Rev. Rufus C. Flagg, '69, president of Ripon (Wis.) college, as the speaker of the evening. He delivered a very interesting address on personality, taking as his theme the word "I." It means, first of all, he said, personality. It implies not only existence, but also feeling and self consciousness. It further means separateness from all other things and also intelligence, self-determination—all this and more is contained in the word. It implies, in addition, continuity of existence from the cradle to the grave and on through and beyond the darkness of the grave. It behooves us, therefore, to see to it that this constant presence is worthy. What we mean when we say "I" determines very largely what the outward world shall be to us. "What we see is our soul in things," says a writer. We see everything through the medium of our personality, and if our spiritual or physical vision be imperfect, the outward world will be distorted. How plain, then, that every one is gauging the universe by himself. Of course in the same way do we assimilate what goes to make up character; only the true can see truth. In every relationship into which we enter there are necessarily two elements, the more important of which by far is our own personality. Another thing should not be lost sight of in this connection—the improbability of personality, which may come, first, through growth; second, through refinement or culture, and third, through a better balancing of the faculties. It is sometimes said that we all live in the same world, but this is not true; each lives in the world which he is able to see and to appreciate. Wealth and position mean nothing without personality back of them. So no time, however long and laborious, is lost if spent in making the most of ourselves.

ALUMNI DAY.

At 10 o'clock Tuesday morning the alumni met in the chapel for their preliminary meeting. The meeting was called to order by F. G. Swington, '75, and the minutes of the last meeting were read by Prof. T. E. Boyce and were adopted.

The president appointed, as a nominating committee, Prof. W. E. Howard, '70, Edward W. Howe, '69, and Hiram Smith, Jr., '71.

Rev. Thomas S. Hubbard, '34, Rev. A. W. Wild, '57, and Elmer E. Phelps, '68, made short addresses, giving reminiscences of their college days.

The meeting was then adjourned, and at 11 o'clock

the exercises began at the Congregational church. The music was furnished by Brehmer's orchestra of Rutland, and after prayer by Rev. A. W. Wild, Mr. Swington introduced Rev. Henry M. Ladd, '72, of Cleveland, Ohio, who delivered an excellent oration on "The Moral Obligations of Culture." Rev. Marvin Hill Dana of Stillwater, N. Y., then read the poem, taking as his subject "Visions of Man." Mr. Ladd's oration was as follows:

Culture is a broad word. It implies outward graces of manner, but is more than grace of manner. It implies thorough education and superior mental equipment. But it is something more than education. It implies refinement of taste and nicety of judgment. But it is something more than refinement of taste and judgment. It implies a true and noble spirit, the higher powers of the soul dominant in the life. But it is something more than spiritual exaltation. It implies the Christ formed within, transforming and sanctifying the life, but it is more than being a Christian. True culture is no one of these, but the sum of all of them combined. This is the true aim of every college and seminary conscious of its mission. But true culture defeats itself if it exists only for itself. Culture, for the sake of culture, is only refined selfishness. If it would reach its highest possibilities, it must exist not as an end, but as a *means*. Self development as an end is a pagan idea. Self development as a means to an end is the highest embodiment of the Christian idea. The process of culture in its truest and best sense is not merely the polishing of the mental machinery till every part of it shines with a dazzling brilliancy, but it is *such* a polishing as will set the machinery to running smoothly in the accomplishment of its great work in life. Such culture means large information, familiarity with the words and the ways of men and a sympathy as wide as humanity. An ideal such as this must always prove attractive in and for itself, and the result is that ambition too often ends there, with the blight of selfishness upon it. Culture is not essentially selfish, but in the very nature of the case the tendency lies that way. There is a vast difference between the spirit of true culture, and the spirit of dilettanteism, or a literary foppishness. It surely need not be purposeless, empty and contemptible. It may be, and ought to be, in such an age and such a country as this, intensely in earnest, and nerved to the noblest deeds for humanity. The men who have made a large place in history, the men who have written high their names in the temple of fame, are they who have laid hold of the highest and truest culture, and used it as a mighty force in the world. Culture is more than genius. It can do what genius never has done, for it is broader than genius, and deeper than genius, and truer than genius, and backed by a tremendous will to accomplish something great and good, regardless of self,

is well nigh omnipotent. Such culture does not stand before the mirror of the mind, wrapped in admiring meditation, cultivating for itself alone a certain beautiful complexion of thought, while the great world outside is perishing for the need of healthy mental brawn.

Such culture, recognizing its mission, conscious of its ability to help, hearing the cry of ignorance, and want, and misery filling the air as with the wail of lost souls, and recognizing its responsibility, is an education never completed, for it grows with the service in which it is engaged. When a man leaves college for real life, he does well if he can pass a respectable preliminary examination. This busy world in which we live, with its stern discipline, is the work-shop where God *makes* men. The next world is where he *shows* His handiwork complete. For one who has attained any thing true and good, or for one who hopes to attain to the highest possibilities, *this* is the day and time in which to live. Wondrous opportunities open with the advancing thought of the age. Awful advantages come with the advance of the arts and sciences, and the whole gigantic civilization of this latter day. The true man of culture will read aright the signs of the times, and will live for great principles and great ends. Each day will he add something to the sum total of human happiness. Each effort of his life will count. The soul-stirring, entrancing maze of harmonies in Beethoven's symphonies, or Wagner's crashing music, is composed of single notes, each adding their little mite to the grand effect, as the green of the forest is produced by individual leaves.

True culture will understand itself as well as its mission. It will know what it means to be a man as God made men. It will have a sense of worth which is not conceit. It will ever be mindful that human life is not a woe, a calamity, a curse, but the grandest thing in the universe next to the Eternal One himself. True culture will have an innate consciousness of its own worth, and therefore of the worth of others. He who possesses this highest attainment does not need to be told that all things are put under him, and that therefore his responsibility is enlarged.

Faith in other men is born of faith in ourselves. What we have as human beings is at least possible to others. The man of culture will see to it that the world around him goes not to perdition. The comforts and pleasures and betterments of life he will secure not alone to himself, but to his brother man. He will see in his fellow man, grand in his ruin, the *possibilities* of something grander still. The magnificent ruins of fallen Rome, of Luxor and Balbeck, indicate not only what has been, but what under given conditions may be again. The powers of intellect are there. The sensitivity of the emotional is there. The divinity of a dominant will is there. The God-like is there, though it may seem to be devilish. And though man lies in ruins, he may be lifted again and built up into true manhood. Better indeed to have fallen into ruins than never to have been able to fall. If there

is something of the beast and the devil in man, there is also something of the angel and of God in him. He has aspirations, he chafes under restraint, he overcomes obstacles, he is satisfied never; seeking, ever seeking after something, some one, somewhere. This is culture's opportunity. More than that, here is a mighty moral responsibility. Something in the presence of such culture, hearing the pitiful cry of the world, or its harsh discordant wrangling, says you ought. But why does it say you ought? A question more fully to be answered ere we proceed. The moral obligation of culture, if we look deep enough, we shall find to be grounded ultimately in the supreme mind or reason. That which is supreme in the universe is reason. Rational law, therefore pervades all things. Right is right, and a law to action because reason sits upon the throne. Therefore you ought. The moral obligation of culture is grounded also in the constitution of things. The environment of a soul constitutes a ground of moral obligation. Everything that exists according to rational law is for the service of humanity, that man may be better, truer, grander, and thus more serviceable. The whole universe is enlisted up on the side of truth. As the painter's soul goes into his painting, as the sculptor's spirit breathes itself into the marble, so does the supreme reason impress itself upon humanity, and the spirit of God breathes itself into the spirit of man. Thus it is that the highest culture, the truest virtue, the noblest living, the grandest service, are in direct harmony with the deepest reality of things. The moral obligation of culture is grounded further in the moral constitution of man, as that constitution discloses the supreme reason. The end and the aim of living is to put together the broken pieces of life. Only that man is truly living whose cultivated powers are in grandest use. The miser who hoards either his gold or his cultivated talents is a man that all men despise. A college training, the discipline of culture, is the process of sharpening our tools. The height of folly is to let them rust. Culture, education, talent, wealth of purse or wealth of power, simply mean opportunity for good. No man in these days ought to live with a high board fence all around him. The student in college or school is simply storing up opportunities. But how many educated, cultured men are ever heard from after they leave college? They make no mark, they achieve nothing, they serve not their day and generation. Too many a man of culture hears no voice calling to him, sees no hand beckoning to him, catches no reproving message addressed to him, saying, "If thou knewest the gift of God that is in thee." This would be a different world we live in, if only culture fully recognized its opportunity. She should remind herself with Milton, in *Paradise Regained*, that:

"Zeal and duty are not slow,
But on occasion's forelock watchful wait."

Let the man of culture understand that if things are to be improved in this beloved land of ours, either socially, morally, or politically, it will cost him some-

thing, some effort, some self sacrifice, some God-like service. To such an one life is a series of opportunities. What was left undone yesterday will be done today. It will not be true of him as reads the old Spanish proverb, "When the fool has made up his mind, the market has gone by." The man of culture will so value the truth that he will live to impress it upon his fellow man. He will recognize the fact that life is embodied truth, and that truth is abstract life; that all truth is one, and like a chain let down from heaven whose various links depend upon each other, a lower truth will lead to higher. "Truth is a straight line to God." The man of culture apprehends this, and recognizing that nothing is so costly as ignorance, will seek to enlighten the dangerous darkness of ignorance. But truth carries moral influence by being presented not as a proposition, but as a living reality. Thus presented to an honest mind, it holds it spell-bound by its own inherent beauty, until it becomes a part of the life. Truth embodied becomes motive and guide to action. The aim of true culture is thus to influence the life, and through the truth embodied to give freedom, power and joy. Truth possessed but not obeyed benefits no man. Distorted truth, perverted truth, destroys full half the joys and blessedness of life. Prejudices of education, of family, of religion, of position in life mean narrowness not alone, but danger and disaster as well. The truth disclosed through the cultivated and moral nature is and must be the guide to action in every rightly ordered life. It is spontaneous reason, and spontaneous reason at its best. "He is the freeman, whom the truth makes free, and all are slaves besides."

The man of culture will recognize better than all other men the leverage power of truth which he possesses. How shall men ever arise above mediocrity? For "unless above himself he can erect himself, how mean a thing is man." True culture will recognize its ability to help men do this. It will present the truer and better plan of life, without which all is chaos. The process of culture alters the quality of our being. It gives a new aspect to ordinary lives. No life can be low or insignificant where great and noble ends are followed. The course of life may be like that of a ship at sea, a constant zigzag through opposing forces, but one supreme purpose will direct and govern it. The possibility of ministering to others in largest measure is the peculiar privilege of culture. The grandest ideal is a clear conception of the possibility of human development. That ideal culture sketches upon the cathedral walls of time, to be filled up in detail by the mosaic of daily living. Culture is a key which rightly turned opens the door into the truest and best living. It is useless to go to your fellow man and try to open to him the door, if you have forgotten or thrown away the key. But it is noble, like the nobility of God, to take that key in hand and use it day by day.

Applied knowledge is more than power. it is life. The development of a perfect manhood and woman-

hood is the ideal of culture, complete, full orbbed, symmetrical. This is the responsibility of culture. Otherwise, such knowledge might as well remain in dead books as in men dead to humanity. A certain pond in yonder Adirondacks lies deep and still and beautiful. But it has no outlet. You go to it, and gaze upon it and admire it. But it never gives itself to bless humanity. Just beyond is another lakelet, but it is the source and spring of a mighty river. From it flow forth streams of refreshing in copious torrents to slake the thirst of millions, to turn the thundering wheels of manufacture, and finally to bear upon its bosom, broad and deep, the commerce of the world. True culture serves and enriches the world. It is not weak. The New England character is its best foundation, and New England has shaped the nation. The old farmer was right when he said in answer to the question, what they raised among those granite boulders of Massachusetts, "We raise men". For the largest efficiency of culture something more than the learning of the schools is needed. Strength and courage, resolution and daring, the moral nature all alive, magnanimous large-heartedness, a broad and spiritual sympathy, a swing through a wide circumference of thought, progressive, inventive resourceful enterprise, and all this adapting itself to the exigencies of the times. For the man of culture, if he would serve well his day, must be prepared to meet new conditions, new forces, revolutionizing the old into a new world. The disturbances of the times demand a readjustment upon his part. The freedom of labor and the tyranny of capital have both run wild. True culture must place right wisdom, which is righteousness, on the throne of honor. No clamps of social organizations can ever hold society safely together. It is the mission of culture to permeate society with a better wisdom.

Men, true men, as God intended them to be, are needed in these formative days as never before. Old Diogenes with his lantern would have no easy task of it even today. The words of Herodotus still apply, "Human creatures plentiful, men very scarce" Cynical Thomas Carlyle, puts it rather abruptly this way, "So many millions, mostly fools." Yet when you consider the boundless possibilities of humanity, how marvelous! What a magnificent range of faculties; what splendid and God like abilities, and at times what high and noble aspirations! Made in the divine image, with the breath of the Almighty breathed into him, but a little lower than God himself! Says Pascal: "Though the universe were to fall on man and crush him, yet would he be greater in his defeat than the universe in its victory, for he would be conscious of his defeat, and it would not be conscious of its triumph." Viewing man in these two aspects, we see him as the glory and the scandal of the universe. As Young trenchantly sings:

"Dim miniature of greatness absolute,
An heir of glory, a frail child of dust,

Helpless immortal, insect infinite,
A worm, a God."

Working upon such material, men of culture must make and mould the times, remembering that "The mind is everywhere the measure of the man."

So laboring, men of culture will remember that life is here and now. Cherishing an infinite sympathy with humanity, they will project themselves into society for society's good. They will be impressed that we are living in eventful times, and that it is the men of culture who must save America to save the world. Truly

"We are living, we are dwelling
In a grand and awful time,
In an age on ages telling;
To be living is sublime."

Indeed these *are* stirring times in which we live. Men and institutions are changing. There are revolutions in thought. Interrogation points fill the air as thick as snowflakes in a winter's storm. First principles are questioned. Old forms are attacked. Antiquated methods are relegated to the past. It is a newspaper age, an age of many books; an age of schools and colleges. Reforms wise and unwise are at the front—reforms political, legal, theological, sociological. What now is the hope of all this changeful turmoil and unrest? Surely it is a culture profound yet simple; thoughtful yet enterprising; broad and true, not *above* humanity. With ungloved hands it is the mission of culture to save society. For though the miasmatic swamps of socialism are covered over with the fairest foliage, yet are they the sources and shrouds of death. Both good and evil are contagious. Into the heated atmosphere of business must true culture enter with her soothing power; into the rarefied atmosphere of outward and social success must she enter with her more serious influence. Into the polluted atmosphere of crowded city life must she enter with her sweetening, saving sway. Into the foul atmosphere of politics must she enter with her purifying and uplifting spirit.

It is said that Demetrius in time of war did not learn of the defeat of his army till too late to escape because he had given out the decree that anyone bringing him evil tidings was to be beheaded. But surely to be forewarned is to be forearmed. The rapid growth of our *cities* in number and in population and in focalized power cannot be overlooked. Here is life intensified in all its forms. Portentous are the signs of the times. But the cure for the headache is not to cut off the head. Here you find the extremes of circumstance. The poor are very poor, the rich are very rich. Here is going on the mighty struggle for the things that perish. Oppressive poverty grinds out all nobler aspirations. Oppressive wealth holds men down to earth. The *foreign population* presents another problem. Our larger cities today are foreign cities; 62 per cent of the population in Cincinnati today are foreigners, 69 per cent in Cleveland, 70 per cent in Boston, 88 per cent in New York, and that wicked city,

Chicago, has 91 per cent. What the great bulk of this foreign population is we all know. It cannot be absorbed and Americanized, and society be not demoralized, any more than you can take coals in your hand and not blacken or burn it. Then, again, the tendency of Americans to fast living presents another problem. Modern society is a whirlpool of dissipation. The slavery to the outward in form and show is as abject as that of any Egyptian taskmaster. Women are too often frivolous and men insincere.

True culture must come to the rescue with the self abandonment of soldiers in the time of battle. Here is the mighty saloon power to be met and thwarted. Here are socialism, communism and anarchy, armed with dynamite, red handed and wicked, defiant of law, with an animosity against all existing social institutions that is simply without limit. Here too are papal intrigues, threatening the very foundations of our liberties. Said LaFayette, "If the liberties of the American people are ever destroyed, they will fall by the hands of the Romish clergy." What, do you ask, has true culture to do with all this? I answer, *everything*. But it must stir itself to its duty. The danger is that it will slumber on until it is too late. Culture is not a lamp to study by, but a beacon light, not only to warn of danger, but to guide the mariner on his way. It is for culture to make the good seem possible. What is culture to do? Surely she must secure the rights of man denied or forgotten. In this Christian age, and in this enlightened land, any man who has the spirit of true culture must admit that man has other rights than those which are guarded by the statute books. In the name of a common humanity, and in the spirit of true brotherhood, the weak and feeble everywhere have a right to be helped, the ignorant to be instructed, the erring and the perishing to be reclaimed and rescued, the vicious to be reformed. And all this because true culture can do it. Does the tide of your cultured powers, your sympathy and love in great waves of practical activity flow outward toward the oppressed, the ignored and the outcast? Brotherhood is not an idea. What has culture to do? She has to exercise a divine fellowship. Modern society is a network of brotherhoods. No man stands entirely alone. Society is organized. If each atom of matter lay separate and alone, in proximity to its neighbors, no structure could ever be reared, no form could ever be produced, because the power of cohesion would be wanting. If every man stood by himself, there could be no unity of thought or feeling. No great idea could pervade the masses. No enthusiasm could ever arouse a nation. There could be no spirit of the times, no "esprit de corps". Truth and sentiment would have to be dropped into each separate heart by itself. But this is not the way in which society is framed. Truth flashes along the lines of human relationship as flashes the electric fluid along the continuous telegraph wire. There is

and must be fellowship in our culture. We should go on our way singing,

"We'll bear each others, loads, for we
Neighbors in aim, in toil should be;
So shall our wayfare easier hold,
More long for peace, more short for pain
Such kindness yields a thousand fold,
In blessings sown and reaped again."

In spite of all your measures of facial angles, in spite of all your conceit of caste and prejudice, in spite of social distinctions wider and deeper than Colorado canons, behold the moral unity of the race. Slowly yet surely is culture learning this lesson

What shall culture do? Serve its day and generation in the spirit of the Nazarene. What is culture for? Is it for the sake of the favored few who possess it, uniting them and them alone in a select brotherhood? Is it for the gratification and mutual enjoyment of a select coterie of kindred spirits? Nay, not so. It is to persuade men, to lift men, to crown them. I am glad to believe that even in our cultured centers of thought blood is growing thicker in these better days in which we live. We are awaking to the fact that we are our brother's keeper. Are we thoughtless? Do we not know that deliberate neglect would have slain Abel as surely as the wielding of a club? Nor may culture be content in a self-satisfied spirit to point the world to itself, and say, "Behold," while it does not strive to lessen the world's sufferings and sorrows, the world's penury and sin. It is not for culture to leave to the heartless mechanism of legislation the God-like work of lifting our brothers up. The notes of warning must be heeded. If luxury and self-indulgence are allowed to dig deeper the yawning chasm which lies between the great unwashed millions, who form the lowest extreme of society, and the many times millionaires of the other extreme, revolution is not far distant. These men at the bottom are men to whom we owe a debt, to whom culture owes a debt, a debt of service, a debt of self-sacrificing love. If an aristocracy of wealth in a free country like ours, whose constitution recognizes every man on an equality with every other, is to go on piling and hoarding its untold gains forgetful of or scornful of the poor man whose children cry out for bread and yet starve, then anarchy and a reign of terror are sure to follow. I do not desire to pose as an alarmist, but there are signs of the times that we cannot ignore. It was the demoniac fury of her own misguided children that battered down the splendid buildings and beautiful works of art in Paris during the French Commune, and not her German enemies. In these days men everywhere read and think, rightly or wrongly, and the cultured and refined cannot afford to ignore the classes below them. They must reach down not merely with legal justice, but with living sympathy, and take the oppressed brother by the hand. What means this constant throwing of bombs at home and abroad? It may mean many things. It certainly means that true culture has yet a work to do.

How are we to give practical bent to our culture? Surely by using it. Put into practice brotherly kind-

ness. Blow love's music through the instrument of your culture, and the dust of selfish ease will not accumulate within it. The hand of culture is needed not on the brakes but on the steam lever, pulling society upon the upward grade of life. The man of culture must stand firmly on the earth, but with his face toward the sky, with his hand clasped in that of his brother man, helping him to his feet and pointing him beyond the stars.

There are two ways in which culture can be of benefit to man: by the communication of thought, and by giving or imparting *itself*. The former means more and better schools, more and better books, more and better instruction. The latter means the conformity of will to will, the trustfulness of life to life, the yielding up of heart to heart. Facts and ideas are good, but motives and ideals are better. The great question is, how is culture to play upon this harp of a thousand strings, we call man, so that there shall be no crashing discord, but only divinest music, awakening the echoes of heaven. That is culture's problem, easily solved if the culture be true Christian culture. Then will life become one grand and beautiful song. When culture *gives itself* it will reach its highest possibility. For it is impossible to conceive *abstract* truth. You cannot form an idea of love purely abstract, disconnected from all embodied forms and acts of love. Without incarnation, it is without meaning. It is for that reason Christ assumed the human form. It is only when truth is embodied that it can profit men. Not until it assumes a form that we can know and love can it be re-embodied in us. What man wants is not a philosophy, not an abstraction, not a theory, not a creed, but the incarnation of true culture. Let culture learn to

"Speak truly and her words shall the world's famine feed
To think truly, and each thought of hers shall be a fruitful seed;
To live truly, and her life shall be a great and noble deed."

Wanted, then, a culture embodied; not dormant, speculative, idealistic, indefinite, but real, earnest, vital, forceful, energetic. That means growth, expansion, self-reproduction. A character worthy of a crown is not built up in a day. Culture is thus being tested in building up society. Every thought strikes a blow, every impulse drives a nail, every desire builds mason work, every affection lays on the color. But what is it that is being built? Is it a prison for oppressed humanity, or a regal palace for glorified humanity?

Generations yet unborn have a claim upon the culture of today. What refinement of culture is it that rests satisfied with itself, while the groans and sighs, the cursing and shrieking of a lost humanity ring in its ears? An upholstered culture, a flowery-bed-of-ease culture, a gently reclining culture, a beautiful, literary, esthetical, poetical, soothed, smoothed and quieted culture is the most contemptible selfishness the sun ever shines on! What is the world, with its crying needs, compared to the luxury undisturbed and bliss untroubled of a life of cultured ease? Shame upon the

spirit of it! It is a culture which lifts men up above the world in which they should live, but does not fit them for more efficient service in the pressing, practical duties of life. What is needed is a culture that touches ground; a culture that will organize college settlements, establish Hull Houses, and empty itself even into the slums of our great cities. The divorce, too common, between culture and life is fraught with peril. Men must think. They should think the noblest thoughts; they should think such thoughts into life. It is for men of culture with the spirit of the Lord Jesus Christ to grapple with the real, vital practical issues of this day in which we live. Human nature reacts from a culture that does not help humanity. The law of life is to give. The heart never stores up the blood that courses through it, but rather sends it pulsating on its way. The truly great are they who serve the most. Higher attainment means higher responsibility. Every increment of knowledge means increased accountability. Men enter college, they know everything and care for nobody. Men enter life, and learn that they know nothing and must care for everybody.

He whose eye resting upon the page of history sweeps the centuries, or glancing through the telescope counts unnumbered worlds and world systems, till thought is lost in the mazes of God's stupendous universe must tell others what he sees. No culture is true and good which lives unto itself. The man who does nothing for others with the culture he has attained is a waste product of society. A titled sprig of English nobility said he did not like this country, because there were no gentry in it. When asked what he ment by gentry, he replied, "Why, Oh, men who never do any work themselves, and whose fathers never did any." "Indeed," said the other, "We have them here, but they are known by a different name. We call them tramps."

They alone who recognize their opportunity to serve are truly great. A fair-faced shepherd boy hears the panic stricken cry of his countryman; it is his opportunity. He is equal to it. He steps forth armed with his heart of faith, his sling and stone, to lay the giant in the dust. He is great for all time. So Paul, Luther, Cromwell, Washington, Lincoln, Grant, all the great master spirits of history, founders of nations, reformers, law-givers, defenders of human rights, leaders of hosts, heroes of all time, have heard the call of God voiced in the cry of humanity and have responded. "To see things," says one, "hitherto invisible to others and so to embody them as that henceforth others shall see them too, to attempt things hitherto impossible to others, and so to realize them as that henceforth others shall do them too, these are the tokens of a great man." Columbus, Franklin, Newton, Watt, Morse, Edison in material things, Shakespeare, Milton, Tennyson, Longfellow in poetry, Paul, Luther, Whitfield, Wesley in religion, all great seers and doers have been benefactors of the race. So alone is true culture to lift mankind. The morn-

ing sun gilds first the highest mountain peaks, but later on in its zenith glory it fills all the valleys and lights all the dark places of the earth.

Men of culture, this may be your joy and glory. Here lie the true zest and power of life. Can you not say:

"Only one heart to give,
Only one voice to use,
Only one little life to live,
And only one to lose.
Poor is my best and small,
How could I dare divide;
My brother man shall have it all,
He shall not be denied."

So only shall be ushered in that better day for which we long and pray. The highest ambition, the most God-like aspiration of every man of culture will be to hasten its coming For

"'Tis coming up the steep of time,
And this old world is growing brighter.
We may not see its dawn sublime,
Yet high hopes make the heart throb lighter.
We may be sleeping in the ground,
When it awakes the people's wonder,
But we have felt it gathering round,
And heard its voice of living thunder.
That better day, ah, yes, 'tis coming.

"Aye, it must come, the tyrant's throne
Is crumbling with men's hot tears rusted;
The sword Earth's mighty have leaned upon
Is cankered with Men's heart's blood crusted.
Room! for the men of love make way,
Ye selfish great ones pause no longer,
Ye cannot stay the opening day.
The world rolls on, the light grows stronger,
That better day is coming."

The orator named for honorary membership in the alumni association President Thomas Thwing of the Western Reserve college, and the poet named Rev. Walter C. Stewart of Albany, N. Y., both of whom were elected.

THE ALUMNI BANQUET.

At 1:45 o'clock the alumni and their ladies sat down to the alumni dinner at the Addison House. Grace was said by Rev. Dr. Smart of Brandon.

After the banquet President Swington of the alumni association rapped for order and the speaking began.

Col. F. G. Butterfield, who was a member of the class of '63 and left college to go to the war, was asked to tell why he didn't stay. He spoke of the scenes of war-time and vividly recalled the feeling which then inspired young men.

Rev. Dr. Ladd of Cleveland, the orator of the morning, gave reminiscences of his college life, congratulated the college on its condition and prospects, and concluded with a reference to the neat and spruce look of Middlebury as compared with what it was when he was in college.

Hiram Smith, Jr., of Cameron, Mo., made a characteristic and forcible western speech in praise of education in general and of the education of women in particular, which he was glad the college now afforded.

E. B. Sherman of Chicago told several good stories, and then had some serious words to say as to the ex-

tension of the field of effort for women in recent years, a movement which he heartily approved, and the success of which he attributed to the success achieved by the women of the north in aiding in the care of the sick and wounded during the rebellion. He spoke eloquently and well.

C. M. Wilds of Middlebury, representing the trustees, said that the college was in first-class condition financially and in every other way, and that the community was heartily in accord with its policy and did all it could to assist in furthering the work of the institution.

The other speakers were President Flagg of Ripon college, Prof. Theodore Henschel of Harvard university and Prof. Howard of this college, all of whom entertained their hearers. It was after 4 o'clock when the company broke up.

THE ALUMNI RECEPTION.

The most enjoyable social event of the week was the reception given Tuesday afternoon for the alumni and townspeople by the ladies of the faculty at Prof. Eaton's new home on the hill south of the college. Mrs. Eaton and Mrs. W. W. McGilton received the guests, who included almost all the strangers in town and a large number of the village folk. The house was filled to its full capacity from 5 till nearly 7 o'clock. Refreshments were served by the young ladies of the college.

THE PRIZE SPEAKING.

The church was crowded to its utmost capacity Tuesday evening with people gathered to hear the Parker and Merrill prize speaking. The speaking was exceptionally good, all doing credit both to themselves and to their trainer, Prof. Hawn. The programme was as follows:

PARKER PRIZE SPEAKERS.

Music.		
Karl the Martyr.		Anon.
Defence of Hofer.	Luther A. Brown.	Anon.
The Dandy Fifth.	Thomas G. Lyons, Jr.	Frank H. Gassaway.
Chariot Race.	Albertus Perry.	Wallace.
	Arthur C. Parkhurst.	
Music.		

MERRILL PRIZE SPEAKERS.

Shamus O'Brien.	David H. Blossom.	Samuel Lover.
Extract from Bennington Oration	Frank N. Davis.	E. J. Phelps.
The Rebel Yell.	Charles E. Fitzpatrick.	Anon.
Zagonyi's Charge.	Carl M. Merrill.	Anon.
	Music.	
The Maiden Martyr.	Charles A. Munroe.	Anon.
Cronin Murder Trial.	James Moore.	Anon.
Battle of Mission Ridge.	Edward M. Roscoe.	Benj. F. Taylor.
Lasca.	Leroy C. Russell.	Desprez.
	Music.	
	Awarding of Prizes.	

The judges, H. M. Ladd, E. E. Phillips and H.

Olin Cady, then retired and while they were making their decisions Prof. Hawn delivered two selections in an excellent manner. The first Parker prize was awarded to Luthur A. Brown, the second to Arthur C. Parkhurst. The first Merrill prize went to Chas. A. Munroe, second to David H. Blossom, third to Chas. E. Fitzpatrick and fourth to Edward M. Roscoe.

ANNUAL ALUMNI MEETING.

The annual meeting in the chapel, Wednesday morning, was called to order by the president, F. G. Swington, '75. Prof. Howard reported for the nominating committee, the report was adopted and the following officers elected: President, H. S. Perrigo, '70; vice-president, M. O. Perkins, '74; secretary, Prof. T. E. Boyce, '76; central committee, Prof. Boyce, M. A. Brooks, '81, and W. H. Button, '90; necrological committee, Rev. A. W. Wild, '57, Prof. Eaton and Prof. Boyce; orator, J. S. Grinnell, '66; alternate, F. H. Knowlton, '81; poet, F. D. Mussey, '69; alternate, W. W. Gay, '76.

It was voted that a committee of three be elected to recommend ten alumni, one of whom should be elected to the board of trustees next year. The chair appointed the following persons: Hiram Smith, '71, Prof. Howard, '71, and A. W. Wild, '57. This committee reported the following names: M. O. Perkins, '70; E. H. Bottum, '71; George W. Ellis, '68; James M. Gifford, '77; F. G. Swington, '75; E. J. Ranslow, '66; J. G. McIntyre, '66; E. J. Warner, '61; J. L. Barton, '81, and E. W. Howe, '69. The alumni need not vote for any of these gentlemen, but can choose any one they prefer, whether on this list or not.

Mr. F. G. Butterfield, who left college to engage in the civil war, was made a member of the association. It was voted that the alumni recommend that the trustees procure badges for alumni and undergraduates at commencement.

Prof. T. E. Boyce presented the report of the committee on necrology for the past year and it was adopted. It was as follows, Rev. Mr. Bumstead being up to the time of his death the oldest living graduate of the college:

- 1820—Rev. Samuel Andrews Bumstead, Raritan, Ill., March 27, 1894. 22
- 1827—Royal Whitman Peake, Bristol, Vt., —, 1893.
- 1835—Rev. Samuel Rowley Thrall, Boscobel, Wis., Feb. 27, 1894.
- 1835—Judge James Houghton Phelps, Suffield, Conn., Sept. 16, 1893.
- 1836—Rev. John Blake, New York city, July, 1893.
- 1838—Rev. Henry Kingsley, Middlebury, Vt., March 28, 1894. Dec 4
- 1838—George Fitch Ruggles, Aurora, Ill., —, 1893.
- 1839—Rev. Luther Harris Sheldon, Andover, Mass., May 19, 1894.
- 1839—Judge George Sedgwick Swift, Detroit, Mich., Oct. 30, 1893.
- 1841—Rollin D. H. Allen, Pequabuck, Conn., Dec. 19, 1893.
- 1852—John Howe, Castleton, Vt., June, 1893.
- 1865—Hon. George Z. Erwin, Potsdam, N. Y., Jan. 16, 1894.
- 1868—Dr. William Watson Waugh, Belleville, Ill., Jan. 8, 1894.
- 1874—Allan George Conant, Salem, N. Y., July, 1892.

Rev. Marcus R. Keele, from 1836 to 1839 in college, but not a graduate, and who died at Ashland, Me., May 2, 1893, and Charles J. Starr, also not a graduate, but a member of the corporation for 39

years and a most munificent benefactor of the college, were also mentioned.

The following resolutions were offered by Gov. John W. Stewart and adopted by a unanimous vote :

Resolved, That the death of Charles J. Starr is a personal bereavement to every member of the board who was privileged to know him.

His surviving associates recall with tender regret the memory of his gracious presence, his courteous manner, his wise and cheering words of counsel, his unfailing courage and unflinching devotion to the interests of the college.

His character combined in a rare degree those manly virtues which win affection. He was gentle yet strong, fearless yet modest, and always and everywhere pure, faithful, loyal and unselfish. Possessed of large wealth, he was never possessed by it, always holding himself as its trustee rather and to dispense it for wise and beneficent objects.

Through a long series of years he was a generous benefactor of the college, and he crowned the long list of his benefactions by the munificent gift which has placed the institution upon a permanent basis of enlarged usefulness.

His memory will be held in grateful remembrance by the alumni and friends of the college through generations to come.

E. B. Sherman then introduced this resolution, and it was heartily passed :

Resolved, That the trustees be requested to perpetuate the memory of Charles J. Starr by some suitable tablet or such other memorial as to them may seem appropriate.

On motion of Mr. Sherman a vote of thanks was passed to the managers of the UNDERGRADUATE for the excellent manner in which it has been conducted, and the paper was commended to the alumni and their support asked for it. The meeting was then adjourned.

GRADUATING EXERCISES.

Immediately after the alumni meeting the graduating exercises were held in the church. Pres. Brainerd presided and on the platform were the members of the faculty—Professors Seely, Eaton, Wright, Janes, McGilton, Howard, Boyce and Hawn and the board of trustees—Rev. George N. Boardman, Rev. W. S. Smart, Rev. C. N. Thomas, Prof. Brainerd Kellogg, Dr. John A. Mead, ex-Gov. Stewart, C. M. Wilds and L. D. Eldredge, together with William Slade, '36, and F. W. Olmstead, '38.

The programme was :

Overture—Romantic.	Prayer.	Keler Bela.
Essay, with Salutatory Addresses,		Bells of Memory.
	Bertha Eliza Ranslow, Swanton, Vt.	
Oration,		The Student's Place in Reform.
	Frank Hoffnagle Bigelow, Proctor, Vt.	
Oration.		The Laborer's Complaint.
	Denis James Hayes, Mineville, N. Y.	
Oration,		Social Reform.
	William Ernest Chapman, Moriah Center, N. Y.	
Literary Essay,		Originality.
	Abbie Lillian King, Tyson, Vt.	
Selection—The Tyrolean.		Zeller.
Oration,		The Unexpressed.
	Stanton Seely Eddy, Middlebury, Vt.	
Philosophical Oration,		Our Italy
	Oliver Johnson Sawyer, East Templeton, Mass.	
Oration,		The Abuse of Citizenship.
	Ira Henry LaFleur, Middlebury, Vt.	
Oration,		The Symbols of the Century.
	Henry Hamblin Seely, Middlebury, Vt.	
Historical Essay,		A Lost Art.
	Annie Lawrence Ritchie, Shelburne, Mass.	
Patrol—Return of the Troops.		Eilenberg.
Oration,		The Change of College Ideals.
	Charles Blackhurst Toleman, Little Britain, N. Y.	

Oration,	The Philosophy of Progress.
	Albert Asa Sargent, Ludlow, Vt.
Oration,	The Engineer.
	Harry Edward Wells, Middlebury, Vt.
Essay, with Valedictory Addresses,	Woman, Yesterday, Today and Tomorrow.
	Laura Sophronia Clark, Ludlow, Vt.
Caprice—Zanzibar.	Gilder.
Conferring of Degrees and Announcement of Honors.	
Benediction.	

The church was crowded and the exercises passed off very smoothly. The orations and essays were well written and delivered in a forcible and eloquent manner. Col. T. M. Chapman was marshal and W. H. Eldredge, '95, assistant. The degree of D. D. was conferred upon Rev. James L. Barton, '81, and of LL. D. upon Edward H. Hobbs.

The president announced that Miss Clark's work entitled her to second year highest honors in Latin and Miss Ranslow's to second year highest honors in classics.

THE CORPORATION DINNER

was eaten at the Addison House at 2 o'clock. There was a very large attendance. Rev. C. N. Thomas said grace and President Brainerd presided, the after-dinner speakers being L. D. Eldredge, Prof. Eaton, Rev. E. J. Ranslow and Dr. John A. Mead.

THE CONCERT.

The concert given by the senior class was held in the church Wednesday evening before a large and appreciative audience. It was a very enjoyable concert and was well received. The talent was mostly from Boston—Miss White, soprano soloist, and the Temple quartet, composed of E. M. Spears, first tenor; E. F. Webber, second tenor; Robert Bruce, baritone, and L. B. Merrill, basso; Mrs. G. D. Miner of Middlebury, accompanist. The instrumental music was furnished by Gartland's orchestra of Albany. This was the programme :

Overture—Concert in F.	Orchestra.	Kalliwooda.
Oh! Had I Jubal's Lyre!	Miss White.	Handel.
March—The Signal.	Temple Quartet.	Buck.
Potpourri—Lohengrin.	Orchestra.	Wagner.
Tenor Song—My Dreams.	Mr. Webber.	Tosti.
Slumber Song (a), Franz;	Spring Song (b), Mackenzie.	
Extravaganza—Carnival of Venice.	Miss White.	Genee.
Fantasia—A Vision.	Temple Quartet.	DeKoven.
Part Song—Sunset.	Orchestra.	Van de Water.
Ah! Fors e Lui (La Traviata).	Miss White.	Verdi.
Dance—La Bella Creole.	Orchestra.	Herman.

THE PRESIDENT'S RECEPTION.

The reception was a very pleasant affair, being well attended. It was held at the president's house Wednesday evening from 9 to 11. Mrs. Carl C. Plehn assisted in receiving.

THE COMMENCEMENT BALL

was to many the pleasantest part of commencement.

About 50 couples were present and enjoyed dancing to the elegant music furnished by Gartland's orchestra until the small hours of the morning. An excellent supper was furnished by Taylor. This dance made a very pleasant end to the festivities of commencement.

DELTA UPSILON BOAT RIDE AND REUNION.

The boat ride of this fraternity was on Lake George, one of the beautiful lakes of the Eastern States. They departed by special train in the morning, crossing Lake Champlain and stopping at Addison Junction, where tally-ho and carriages were provided for four miles to the lake, passing the historic scenery of old Fort Ticonderoga and the battle grounds of Abercrombie and Montcalm. The steamer, which was chartered for the day, was taken at Baldwin and sailed down the east side of the lake past Rogers' and Shelving Rock, Elephant Mountain and Pearl Point. Dinner was taken at the lower end of the lake and was a bountiful and enjoyable repast for ready stomachs. The sail back was mostly on the west side with some variations, including a sail through Paradise Bay, a stop at the Sagamore, one of the finest hotels in this section, and a view of Fort William Henry. The scenery of the lake was most beautiful. On the return trip supper was taken at the Burleigh House, Ticonderoga, arriving in Middlebury at 10:30 P. M., after the most enjoyable and pleasant boat ride Delta Upsilon ever had.

The fraternity reunion was held in the chapter hall immediately after the Parker and Merrill prize speaking. Refreshments were served and short speeches made by various members. Hon. E. B. Sherman, '60, of Chicago, and president of the next fraternity convention, served most acceptably as toastmaster.

CHI PSI RIDE AND REUNION.

About fifteen members of the Chi Psi fraternity with their ladies enjoyed their annual ride on June 23. The party of thirty took the morning train north to Burlington, and after dinner at the Van Ness took the steam yacht Valcour and spent the afternoon upon Lake Champlain. They arrived at Port Kent in time for supper at the "Watson Manor," and leaving there for Burlington about 8:30, they arrived there in time to make connection with the evening sleeper back to Middlebury. The day was a fine one, the party in the best of spirits, and on the whole the ride was a most successful one.

The reunion was held in the Chi Psi hall immediately after the prize speaking Tuesday evening.

DELTA KAPPA EPSILON RIDE AND REUNION.

The annual ride of the Alpha Alpha chapter was taken Saturday, June 23. About 15 couples left Middlebury at 8 A. M. and drove to Vergennes and took the steamer "Little Nellie," which had been chartered for the day, sailing for Westport, where a tally-ho met the party and carried it to Elizabethtown, where dinner was served at the Windsor. Several hours were spent at the hotel in dancing and singing and then

the return trip was made, arriving in Middlebury late at night after a very pleasant and successful ride.

The reunion was held in the fraternity rooms immediately after the prize speaking, Tuesday night. Many alumni were present and a very pleasant evening was passed.

THE NEW PROFESSORS.

About the only action taken by the trustees had reference to the selection of three professors. The new men are Myron R. Sanford, who will take the chair of Latin made vacant by the resignation of Prof. Janes; Theodore Henschel, who will occupy the chair of modern languages recently established, and Ernest C. Bryant, whose duties as assistant professor have not yet been defined.

Mr. Sanford graduated at Wesleyan in 1880 and had been professor of Latin for seven years at Haverford college, near Philadelphia, when he resigned, a year ago, to go abroad for further study. He passed the year at the University of Leipsic and at Rome.

Prof. Henschel is a native of Luxembourg. He was educated at the German schools and at a Belgian university. He has been in this country 11 years, and has taught seven years of that time, four years as instructor at Cornell University and the last three years as an assistant professor at Harvard.

Mr. Bryant graduated at Middlebury three years ago. He excelled in all his studies, but was especially strong in mathematics. Since graduating he has taken a course in the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

CHAS. OAK SANC,
First-Class Laundryman,
Smith Block. Middlebury, Vt.

THE
Bridge Teachers' Agency,
BOSTON and CHICAGO.

One Fee Registers in both Offices.

We have placed teachers in nearly every city and large town in New England.

Outside of New England we have supplied teachers to public or private schools in New York, Philadelphia, New Orleans, Chicago, Minneapolis, St. Paul, Cleveland, San Francisco and several smaller cities.

We have received applications for teachers from school officers from every State and Territory in the country, and from a few foreign countries.

With two exceptions we have filled positions in every State and Territory in the United States.

In the Southern, Western and Middle States we have filled several college positions.

AGENCY MANUAL FREE TO ANY ADDRESS.

Offices: 110 Tremont St., Boston, 211 Wabash Ave., Chicago.

Your Clothes Will Always Fit!

IF YOU GET THEM OF

J. H. DONNELLY,

MERCHANT TAILOR,

VERGENNES, - - VERMONT.

WE

Have an Elegant Line of Bottled Goods,

INCLUDING

Spanish Queen Olives,

In several different sizes,
Manzanilla Olives, Pickled Onions, Sweet
Gherkins and Mixed Pickles, Ketchup,
Chili Sauce, Etc.

If you are going off for a picnic, get your supplies from

BENEDICT, the Grocer.

BATTELL BLOCK.

To the Students of Middlebury College:

Among your list of acquaintances there are, doubtless, one or more butchers. I want their hides and skins, and if through your influence I can secure them I will send you my check for \$5 for each buyer secured whose business aggregates \$100 during the year, or a proportionate sum if less. This offer will not of course apply to those butchers who have heretofore shipped to me.

You can assure butchers that advances of cash will be made on their stock if they are willing to comply with my rules touching such matters, which rules will be made known on application.

Students who lack funds to complete their college course will find this a good way to replenish their exchequer, as it can be done both by personal interviews with the butchers and by correspondence.

Being well known to the President and many of the faculty of Middlebury college, you can easily get such information as to my responsibility, reliability, promptness, etc., etc., as may be required to enable you to guarantee satisfaction to such acquaintances as you may recommend to do business with me, and I guarantee that returns for trial shipments of not exceeding \$50 value shall be satisfactory to the butcher making the shipment unless his demands are unquestionably beyond reason.

CARROLL S. PAGE.

Hyde Park, Vt., Jan. 1, 1894.

THE ODELL TYPE WRITER.

\$20 will buy the **ODELL TYPE WRITER** with 78 characters, and **\$15** for the **SINGLE CASE ODELL**, warranted to do better work than any machine made.

It combines SIMPLICITY with DURABILITY, SPEED, EASE OF OPERATION, wears longer without cost of repairs than any other machine. Has no ink ribbon to bother the operator. It is NEAT, SUBSTANTIAL, nickel-plated, perfect, and adapted to all kinds of type writing. Like a printing press, it produces sharp, clean, legible manuscripts. Two or ten copies can be made at one writing. Any intelligent person can become an operator in two days. We offer **\$1000** to any operator who can equal the work of the **DOUBLE CASE ODELL**.

Reliable Agents and Salesmen wanted. Special inducements to Dealers.

For Pamphlet giving Indorsements, etc., address

ODELL TYPE WRITER CO.

358-364 Dearborn St.

CHICAGO, ILL.

Trade Mark
E. W. Mark
Waubunk,
a New Collar.

PIERCE HOUSE,

PLEASANT SUMMER BOARD, \$9 TO \$12 PER WEEK.

J. HIGGINS, Prop'r.

STUDENTS

selling nursery stock in New England.

Can Find Profitable EMPLOYMENT

VACATIONS.

Salary and Expenses to good men.

R. G. CHASE & CO.

23 Pemberton Sq., Boston.

L. E. MELLEN, D. D. S.,
DENTIST.

NITROUS OXIDE GAS ADMINISTERED.

Office Hours, 8 to 12 A. M., 1 to 5 P. M.

Office, Over Bond Bros., - **MIDDLEBURY, VT.**

TRY
LAFRANCIS & GALVIN
—FOR—

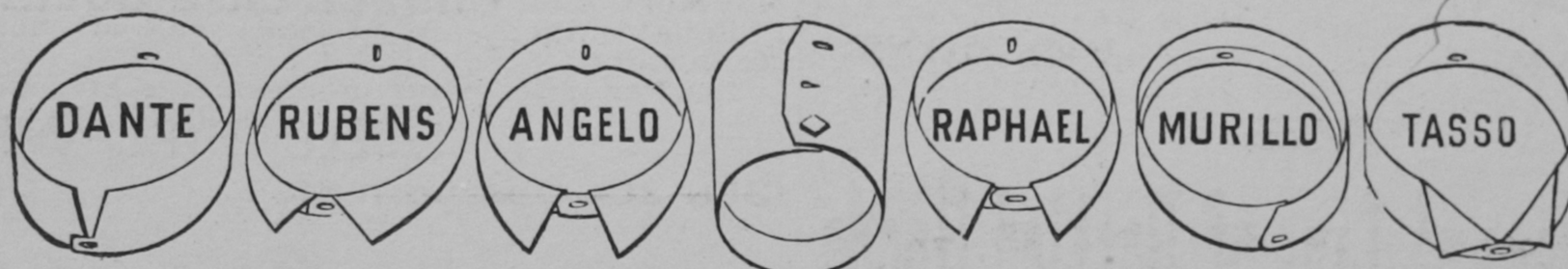
GROCERIES and GRAIN.

3 cans corn.....	25 cents.
3 cans peaches.....	25
2 bottles ketchup.....	25
5 packages "1776".....	25
3½ lbs. raisins.....	25

OTHER GOODS IN PROPORTION.



Just the Thing for Students!



The "LINENE" ARE THE BEST AND MOST ECONOMICAL COLLARS AND CUFFS WORN.

They look like linen, and are the only goods that a well-dressed gentleman can wear in place of real linen.

They are not to be washed; all laundry trouble and expense are avoided.

The price of a single "Linene" Collar is 2½ cents. When once worn, then turned (or reversed), it becomes a fresh, new collar. Thus the actual price of one "Linene" Collar is reduced to 1¼ cents.

When soiled on both sides, throw away and take a new one.

ASK THE DEALERS FOR THEM.

Sold for 25 cents for a Box of 10 Collars, or five pairs of Cuffs.

☞ If not found, we will send by mail at same price.

FOR TRIAL.

A sample Collar and a pair of Cuffs sent by mail for SIX cents. Address, giving size and style wanted, **REVERSIBLE COLLAR CO., Boston, Mass.**

The Columbia Standard Bicycle of the World,

graceful, light, and strong, this product of the oldest bicycle establishment in America still retains its place at the head. Always well up to the times or a little in advance, its well-deserved and ever increasing popularity is a source of pride and gratification to its makers. To ride a bicycle and not to ride a Columbia is to fall short of the fullest enjoyment of a noble sport.

Pope Mfg. Co.,
Boston, New York,
Chicago, Hartford.

A beautiful illustrated catalogue free at any Columbia agency, or mailed for two two-cent stamps.

✂ REMEMBER ✂

MARSHALL & CO.

— WHEN BUYING —

BOOKS,

Stationery, ✧ Athletic ✧ Goods, ✧ Etc.

FRANK A. BOND,
PINE HALL,
MIDDLEBURY, VT.,

Leading Clothier

AND

Gents' Furnisher

FOR ADDISON COUNTY.

CLOTHING MADE TO ORDER.

AGENT FOR

Columbia and Crescent Bicycles

W. H. KINGSLEY,

DENTIST,

UP STAIRS IN BREWSTER'S BLOCK, MIDDLEBURY, VT.

CHAPMAN & CO.,

THE CASH

Tailors and Furnishers,

21 Main Street.

FOUNTAIN PENS.

We make a specialty of fountain pens and carry four good makes, with over 100 pens in stock. The Franklin costs \$1.50; the Levan \$2.00; the Wirt \$2.50; the Waterman at prices ranging from \$2.50 to \$5.00, according to size. The higher the price the larger the gold pen and the barrel, so that they have to be filled less often. Aside from this, the \$2.50 is as good as the \$5.00 pen. The Waterman Ideal is the best fountain pen made. We sell pens by mail orders. Write us.

FREE PRESS ASSOCIATION.

Burlington, Vt.

TAYLOR'S RESTAURANT,

Union Block.

MEALS at ALL HOURS.

A full line of Fresh Fruit, Confectionery, Tobacco and Cigars.

Oysters and Ice Cream a specialty.

College Students always come.

Chicago Theological Seminary.

Next Term Opens Nov. 1, 1893.

Students who wish to attend the World's Fair can have rooms Oct. 17; and if they matriculate Nov. 1, the charges for the two preceding weeks will be reduced to \$1.25 per week.

Candidates for the degree of Bachelor of Divinity must present college diplomas, or pass written examinations on college studies.

Ten hours of prescribed work and four of elective each week. Opportunity to earn money for necessary expenses by doing city mission work.

For Year Book, address

H. W. CHESTER, Treasurer,
 81 Ashland Boulevard, Chicago.

J. E. NEGUS,
CUSTOM TAILOR,

McLEOD BLOCK,

MIDDLEBURY, VT.

BARDWELL HOUSE,

CRAMPTON & CARPENTER, Propr's.

RUTLAND, - - - VERMONT.

GOOD LIVERY CONNECTED.

Fruit, Candies, Canned Goods,

Cigars, Tobacco, Oysters.

STUDENTS GIVE ME A CALL.

COBB'S
 BLOCK. }

B. L. FLEMING.

SEE THE NEWEST

—IN—

FINE FOOTWEAR!

—AT—

BOND BROS.